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A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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Brooklyn, January, 1869.

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CHARLES SUMNER.

"And I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning: afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city."—ISAIAH i., 26.

The best gift of God to nations is the gift of upright men—especially upright men for magistrates, statesmen, and rulers. How bountiful soever the heavens may be; how rich the earth may be in harvests; though every wind of heaven waft prosperity to its ports, till the land is crowded with warehouses stuffed to repletion with treasure, that country is poor whose citizens are not noble, and that republic is poor which is not governed by noble men selected by its citizens.

The signs of decay in the life of a nation show themselves as soon as anywhere else in the character of the men who are called to govern it. When they seek their own ends, and not the public weal; when they abandon principles, and administer according to the personal interest of cliques and parties; when they forsake righteousness, and call upon greedy, insatiable selfishness for counsel; and when the laws and the whole framework of the government are but so many instruments of oppression and of wrong, then the nation cannot be far from decadence. When God means to do well by a nation that has backslidden, among the earliest tokens of his beneficent intent is the restoration of men of integrity and of honor—men who live for their fellows, and not for themselves.

SUNDAY EVENING, March 15, 1874. LESSON: Psa. xxiii. HYMNS: (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 865, 982, 1,004.

I propose to look back a little to-night over that great period of decadence with which so many of us are too familiar, but which must not be forgotten, lest the lesson which it teaches should also perish.

The beginnings of our land, as you remember, were eminently religious. Our fathers came hither to establish a new and notable dispensation, seeking to lay it upon foundations of righteousness. For generations they succeeded; and here was developed that consummate form of liberty which carried out, as it could not be carried out in antiquity, the idea of the freedom of the whole people.

It was here that France lit her torch; but she knew not how to follow our example. To a large extent it was from this land that liberty derived in Europe its modern impetus. We ourselves derived the seed of liberty from Holland and from England; but we planted it here under a free sky and upon a noble soil; and from this seed which we brought hither we reared a harvest; and we sent back and resowed in France, in Germany, and throughout Europe, it would seem now, the same blessed truths which have emancipated us.

But "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them;" and when our institutions were framed for liberty and for righteousness, there was permitted to be twined among them an element false in morals, corrupt in political economy, and utterly subversive of all rights and doctrines of human liberty; and there came to be developed a procedure which, while it gave partial benefit to a favored class, corrupted the whole system of industry, not alone in the immediate field where this procedure was established—namely, in the slaveholding States of the Union—but indirectly, and by the circulation, as it were, in the whole body politic. For slavery is essential treason to free labor, and to the rights of the working man, the world over. It is esteemed bad enough for labor to be indebted to capital; but it was worse a thousand times when capital owned not only labor but the laborer too; and that was the condition of labor and political economy over the fairest portion of this continent.

Organized into our affairs, the principle of slavery influ-

enced national history in such a way as to inevitably produce antagonism, clash, and grating of interests. When the Mississippi and the Missouri come together, and their waters push each other every whither, and their face is covered with eddies and wrinkles, it is in vain for the Mississippi to reproach the Missouri; and it is in vain for the eastward-coming river to reproach the southward-coming river. It is not the fault of either of them that they scowl upon each other. There is a law that makes it unavoidable. So, that democracy which developed freedom in labor, and that aristocracy which developed bondage in labor, in the same government, could not keep their hands off from each other. They were born antagonists, and conflict between them was a necessity.

There was, then, this latent principle of antagonism which threatened our existence. In the conflict which ensued, and which increased as the elements of liberty and slavery ripened into full expression in national life, there was more and more a corrupting of the morals and the conscience of the whole nation. The entire South was corrupted by perversion; for that which the fathers believed was a permissible evil, to be done away in the course of time, their descendants, when it became profitable in the fields of both money and politics, turned and justified. Although in the early days the opponents of slavery were eminently the ablest men of the South, in the more recent days all the leading men of the South—her scholars, her poets, her publicists, and her ministers—all joined in one great outcry to justify slavery, and to make it the very foundation of national life, as well as the very philosophy of national thrift. So the whole South went wrong, under the influence of slavery; and it was taught in her schools and in her colleges, until a whole generation had been brought up from the cradle in the doctrine of its essential beneficence, and of its wisdom in political economy. It is in vain to say that the people of the South did not believe this doctrine. The younger men of the South did believe it. It came to them almost with their growth. But none the less were they perverted and corrupted by it.

The North was yet more corrupted, because her interests

led her largely to placate and defer to the South. Nothing can be more melancholy, particularly for the Eastern part of our land, than to remember the public sentiment which existed in churches, when it was made an offense that almost ostracised a man to plead in a prayer-meeting for slaves; when men bated their breath in speaking of human rights; when pulpits not only were dumb, but were employed very largely in the defense or palliation of slavery, or only admitted in an underbreath that it was an evil—an evil which must be borne with patiently. If there was not apology for slavery, there was at least a guilty silence concerning it during a long period in the pulpits of the North.

The benevolent associations of the North—especially those men who were relied upon to carry out the essential parts of their work—were wrapt up in complicity with this great mischief, and refused to bear their testimony. I will not go into detail; but you will remember how pitiful was the position of the great missionary and publishing societies of the Christian community in the North. Following their lead, the commercial publishers took out of their publications of every kind those great truths which had been the meat of generations before; and in their reading-books nothing was said of liberty that could be construed as condemning American slavery. In none of their books for the use of schools was there anything that could offend the South. So fashion, commerce, religion, and politics throughout the North were lowered in tone; and they did obeisance to slavery. In politics, if possible, it was worse than anywhere else, by reason of ambition and political aspiration. From the peculiar position of affairs, no man in the North who hoped for preferment dared to speak on the subject of liberty. Do you not remember when every young lawyer was warned not to give way to intemperate enthusiasm in favor of freedom, because it would certainly block up all hope of his advancement? Do you not remember when no man could hope to go to the Legislature of the State, and certainly not to the national Legislature, if he dared to utter an honest sentiment of liberty? Men were marked; and if they desired ready advancement, not simply must they be silent in

regard to the sacredness of freedom, but they must say some kind and conciliatory things for slavery. When they did this, they were *sound*.

Therefore, it came to pass that there was bred a generation of men of whom the fathers in the upper sphere were ashamed. There were men in the North who were corrupted by the bribes which were presented to them by slavery. There were political eunuchs, emasculated men, fearing, calculating, tergiversating. We never had a period of more profound national humiliation than that between 1830 and 1860.

I myself came into public life about the year 1837, and I was a witness of this condition of things; so that I speak from my own knowledge. The great struggle at that time, I remember full well, was for liberty of thought and of expression. I was tutored. I had friends in high places who took me aside, and whispered in my ear, saying, "Prudence; caution; you have opportunity; good society is open to you: do not blight your prospects. There is a chance for you in public life: do not spoil your opportunity of ascending by rash speaking. Wait; consider; let your thoughts ripen." Muzzling and suffocation were the order of the day. I remember distinctly when Birney's press was mobbed, in Cincinnati, and dragged through the streets, and thrown into the Ohio River. I remember perfectly the night when I patrolled the streets, armed, to defend the houses of the poor colored people in that city. I remember when no prayer-meeting or church-gathering allowed men to speak on the subject of liberty. I remember when in Presbytery and Synod it was considered a heresy to advocate freedom. I remember when it was regarded as next to treason in politics for a man to be an avowed advocate of national liberty.

The battle began in the North on the question of whether liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of printing, should be maintained; and we went through days when the birds of fate laid addled eggs—and we had all we wanted of them; days of darkness and humiliation and disgrace.

The condition of Washington from 1830 to 1860 was worse than the court of Pharaoh while he held the Israelites in

bondage. I speak not of its want of thrift; I speak not of its slatternly condition; I speak not of its lack of enterprise; I speak not of the smothering there of every element of prosperity: I speak of the moral degradation that prevailed there, and of the rod of iron which was held over the heads of all the men who went there. Aggressive politics was there the order of the day. Among the movements in this direction was the passage of that blessed infamy, the Fugitive Slave Law. I say *blessed*, because that, perhaps, marked the time when reaction really set in. It was the most cruel insult, and the most needless that was ever offered by men given over by fate to fatuity, to the conscience of Northern men. There was no necessity for it. It was a defiance thrown in the face of Northern men.

Then came the Kansas struggle. Then came the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then came preparations for the nationalization of slavery. Then came the scheme for allowing slaves to go *in transitu* through the Northern States. Changes in the Constitution were contemplated by which slavery should be as national as liberty.

Those were the elements to which we had come when the war surprised us. Dark times were upon us then. I remember them full well. I had drunk in the love of liberty with the breath of my life. I do not remember an hour, in my very boyhood, in which my soul was not on fire for the rights of men. I never wavered. I never bent. Although I had the same desire for kindness and consideration and sympathy which every generous and unperverted heart has, I never saw the moment when I would buy popularity or position in society by yielding one hair's-breadth of my feeling of enthusiastic conscience for human rights, and for rights that were sacred in proportion as they were denied to men, and in proportion as men were poor, and crude, and unhelpful of themselves.

I very well remember groaning and travailing in spirit through all those dark days. I did not altogether give up hope; but, from the year 1856 to the year 1860, events trod so fast on each other that I confess to so much relinquishment of hope that I feared that perhaps God meant to break

this nation in pieces to teach the nations of the earth the guilt and delusion of human bondage. I could not bear it; and many a prayer in this house, many a prayer in my own closet, many a prayer in the highway, and many a prayer in the forest, have I sent up, that this nation might be spared and purged, rather than destroyed for the benefit of posterity.

The mercy of God was seen early, in raising up an army of men to resist the mischiefs that were threatened to the country. Private men there were not a few who enlisted in the cause of freedom. There was Garrison, the uncompromising and harsh truth-teller. There was the fiery Weld, like a second Peter the Hermit. There was the patrician Phillips, who never spoke without piercing—whose tongue was a rapier. There was May, of sweeter heart, and equally noble courage. There was Jackson, who, though not known, was one of those secret sources of supply and influence which determined events. There were the two Tappans, one of whom was long with us. There was Joshua Leavitt, a citizen of Brooklyn until a year or two ago, when he departed. There was Rogers, who died of a broken heart early in the struggle. There were Whittier, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Emerson, and others, of whom I shall speak again.

It is often said that the church of the North was corrupted. At one period, it certainly was guilty. Nor did we have the help of the great majority of the churches of the North in the Eastern States until a comparatively late period of the conflict. But I can say, to the credit of the New-school Presbyterian church of the West, with which my lot was cast, that, before the year 1837, it was effectually leavened by liberty. The first vote that I ever cast in the Presbyterian church was a vote that the Presbytery of Indianapolis would never receive a licentiate, or would never license any man, who held slaves, unless he would show to us that he held them unwillingly, and that he would as soon as possible give them up. My impression is that there was not in the New-school Presbyterian church in Indiana a minister who was not in favor of liberty. Long before the church in the East was aroused on the subject of slavery, the Western

church stood established in opposition to it. The ministers of the New-school Presbyterian church in the West were early and faithful laborers for emancipation.

Of public men, we shall not soon forget the mission of John Quincy Adams. Many of you have forgotten the noble tasks imposed upon himself by Governor Slade. There was Gerrit Smith and there was Alvan Stewart. There was Joshua Giddings, who early espoused the Anti-slavery cause. There was Hale, who served it in the Senate. There was Seward, both in New York and in the Senate. There was Greeley, foremost among journalists. Still later was Sumner; and Stevens; and later yet, Lincoln, and his great war-minister, Stanton. These, and many others whom time would fail me to mention, were the men who appeared to turn back the captivity, and establish the glory and radiance of universal liberty.

Then came the blinding of the wise and the weakening of the strong. Then came the fatuity of Southern leadership. Had the leaders of the South been wise, we might still have been enthralled. Time and again it seemed to me that, not being wise, if they had been at least cunning, they still would have held empire. But "whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad."

There has recently been an extraordinary conjunction. Two men have departed from us in the same week. The funeral services of the one overlap those of the other. They were both representative men—he of Boston and he of Buffalo. Mr. Fillmore, in private life, was an irreproachable man, amiable, kind, and universally to be respected; but as a public man, he was a type of that weakness and cowardice which was bred in the North by the accursed influence of slavery in the South. Sumner was the representative man of that reactionary spirit which was developed by liberty contending for its old rights and for its old ground. These two men have died almost at the same time; and although I would not invade the sanctity of the grave, it befits historical reminiscence that these two antithetical men, one representing the old, and the other representing the new, within the period of a week going out from the generation

of the living among the dead, should be mentioned in this contrast.

Personally, privately, I honor Mr. Fillmore; but as a public man he had no political conscience. He was without any apparent sympathy for any of those principles on which this great nation was founded. He gave to a party—a miserable party—that which belonged to the higher interests of humanity and of mankind. He gave up Liberty to be crucified between Southern Slavery and Northern Mammon; and then washed his hands, and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

Of another sort was Charles Sumner. By his birth, by his education, by his social surroundings, he was fitted to be an aristocrat; nor was his disposition averse to such a place and title, for by nature he was self-considering. He was so intense in his own convictions as to become arrogant, and impose his views upon others with a species of oratorical despotism. But from the beginning of his life a romantic moral sense allied him to justice, to rectitude; and since in our day justice was most flagrantly violated by slavery, his love of justice and of truth took him, to his honor and to the glory of mankind, out from his class, and away from aristocracy, and made, essentially, an intellectual democrat of him. Personally he never was democratic. Intellectually he became so, by the force of the struggle of the day in which he lived.

I cannot but call to mind how strangely, and how very nobly, the old elect families of the commonwealth of the glorious old State of Massachusetts behaved. They were our only aristocracy, either of wealth or of historic association; and yet, what more noble man was there in Massachusetts than Adams? Where have we found a man more nobly allied to liberty in the day of its peril than he was? What higher credit rested upon any household than that which came from the name of Quincy? Fathers and sons—how true they were! *Aristocrats* do you call them? They were the truest *democrats*.

Longfellow, naturally tender and refined, shrinking from struggle and from the rude rush of unwashed multitudes, did not disdain to set his harp, in the earliest hours, and sing

songs of liberty, when it was to bring upon him discords and howlings, and not the music of praise. Emerson, the calm, the observational, the coldly reflecting, had not warmth enough to make him an enthusiast in religion; but he had patriotism and humanity enough to make him bear witness in the teeth of slavery. Whittier, the beautiful singer who wraps indignation and wrath about with such gentleness of spirit, Quaker-like—he could write Ichabod on the name of Webster, and doom him as though he had struck him with lightning, and yet all the time could seem as sweet as the Gospel. And there was the elegant patrician, the son of aristocratic sires, born sovereign, full of culture and of exquisite refinement, a noble man—Phillips, who put aside all ambitions, who devoted himself to the thankless task of speaking to mobs, and who, through good report and through evil report, carried his lance, and never once had it shivered or cast vilely away, and lived to see triumphant the cause which he loved.

In this band, of which I have not enumerated the half, belonged Charles Sumner; and by force of circumstances he became its leader, being advanced to eminent trusts. He came forth at the time when such men as Story, Webster, Choate, and Everett were the heroes of Massachusetts. I remember that it was as much as a man's life was worth then to speak in derogation of Daniel Webster; but how do men feel respecting him to-day? I remember when Choate was as brilliant as a star. Now he is as a meteor, the memory of which has gone with its radiance. And Everett—his last days were his best days; and all that he did in elegant literature was not so much as he did when he wrote in Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* for the people; because, then, for the first time, I think, Edward Everett stood among common folks, in sympathy with them, and employed his culture, and reason, and taste, and genius, for the masses. In all the great and masterful struggles for liberty, and for the redemption of our land, neither Choate nor Webster nor Everett was found.

Charles Sumner was endowed by nature with a noble presence. He was physically of a most manly type. He had an admirably constituted mind; and yet, he was not a child

of genius. His learning, joined to his high moral sense, constituted him what he was. He was a *made* man. He was well versed in law, in general literature, in history, in art, and in *belles lettres*. He was fitted in all these respects to carry to his sphere in the United States Senate great influence and great power. He carried there an industry which was almost unmatched, and a straightforwardness and unchanging intent which was well-nigh without a parallel. The meaning of his life, the force of all his enthusiasm, was, *Bondage must be destroyed, and Liberty must be established.* For that he became a martyr. He has died, lately, and from the blow that felled him in the Senate chamber, that darkened many years of his life, and that gave to him a shock which his nervous system never recovered from. Not John Brown himself, nor Lincoln, was more a martyr for liberty than Charles Sumner has been. How glorious such a death as his! How well it beseems his reputation! Better so. Now, no pitying. As, when a man is knighted, the sovereign takes the sword and smites him on the shoulder, and says, "Rise up, Sir Charles!" so the club that smote Sumner on the head did more than knight him—it brought him to honor and to immortality.

His devotion, his suffering, his perseverance, have been without faltering. He filled nobly the place where God put him. And God worked largely by him in the restoration of the conscience in the politics and statesmanship of this nation, and to-day the whole nation stands still to honor the name of Charles Sumner.

No son bears his name. No family will transmit it to the future. No descendant will gaze fondly upon his pictured face, and say, "It was my ancestor." He and his kindred are cut off. But the old State that gave him birth, and that he served so nobly, shall cut his name in letters so deep that time itself shall never rub them out; and no man shall ever read the history of these United States of America, and fail to see, shining brightly, with growing luster through the ages, the name of Charles Sumner. No son, no daughter, weeps for him; but down a million dusky cheeks there are tears trickling. They whom he served weep for him. He

was the Moses that helped to bring out of bondage myriads of the oppressed, who to-day feel that a father and a protector is gone up from among them; and I would rather have the sympathy, the sorrow, and the prayers of the smitten than all the eulogies and all the honors of strong and prosperous men. He has lived well. He has died well. His faults will go down with him. His virtues will live after him. He joined himself to whatever was best in his time. Now he is with God.

Young men, let me speak a few words to you in respect to some parts of the example of this man who has departed from our midst.

First, you will take notice that he identified his own interests with the noblest interests of his country. He was not a vermin statesman, a parasitic statesman, who looked upon his country but as a carcass from which he might draw blood. In a venal, corrupt time, he held trust and power unsullied and unsuspected. Nothing can speak better for the judgment of corrupt men than the fact that they never dared to approach him—for Mr. Sumner said, with inimitable *naiveté*, "People speak of Washington as being corrupt. I do not believe a word of it; I have been in Washington fifteen years and more, and I have never seen a particle of corruption!" No, he never had. He was the last man that any corrupt schemer dared to approach.

It is not necessary that men should be greedy, and selfish, and corrupt, in order to be prosperous. The foremost man of his time has died with white hands and a clean heart.

His patriotism sought no aggrandizement of his nation by defrauding others. His was not a belligerent nor a selfish statesmanship. He attempted to associate this land of his love with the best interests of mankind universally. He was an advocate of peace. He preached and inspired the sense of justice among nations. Known well in America and in Europe, and esteemed among statesmen and courts and lawyers everywhere, his voice was against violence, and for amity based upon justice. His ambition was not for the "manifest destiny" of greediness; it was for the better destiny of temperance, forbearance, patience, and plenitude of power for the

defense of ourselves, but yet more for the defense of the poor and of the needy. Everywhere aggression met his determined resistance. He was a statesman because he based all procedure on great principles. He was a republican statesman because he sought the welfare of all; and not of a privileged class. In his case this is the more noticeable because his personal habits did not lead him to love association with common people. It was principle, and not personal attraction, that moved him. In some sense, it may be said that he denied himself, and loved those who were beneath him. Nay, I think he thought more of mankind than he did of men. I think he loved the principles of justice and of liberty, rather than liberty and justice themselves. It was because liberty in practical life glorified the principle of liberty, that he loved it.

He is an example of personal integrity—an example not a little needed. Much assaulted, much misunderstood, partly from his own fault, and partly from circumstances, nevertheless he was prosperous, and had an illustrious career, never drooping, and never really blackened by any taint. He has died in honor; and his name remains a glorious name in the galaxy of American patriots.

He was a man of courage, and of fidelity to his convictions. He never meanly calculated. He never asked the question whether it was dangerous to speak. He was one of those heroic spirits that carried the fight further than it needed to be carried. He erred by an excess of bravery. He was a self-sacrificing man, giving up every prospect of life for the sake of doing his duty and establishing rectitude. He lost his life, and found it. He has verified the truth that disinterestedness is not inconsistent with the highest ambition. We have not a great many such men. There is not a disposition, in this great, trading, thriving, commercial nation, and in this time of greed, to believe in romantic heroism of character; and it is good for us to be called to the consideration of a man who did not live for himself, and whose nature, naturally revolving about itself, was trained by the principle of justice to develop itself for the welfare of others. I cannot conceive of a man who by nature befitted the courtly

circle better than he. If I had looked through all the old State of Massachusetts, I could not have found, it seems to me, one man who would have been more likely to ally himself to government, to party and to illustrious power than Charles Sumner; and it was a marvel of the providence of God to see this man, who was built apparently to play the part of a sovereign and an aristocrat, filling the office of nurse to the slave child; giving his brilliant knowledge, his unwearied industry, and the fruit which he had gathered from every field, to those who needed succor; and bringing the stores of his literary attainments, the richness of his historical researches, and the accumulated treasures of the ages, which were his, and employing them to build better huts for the emancipated bondmen.

If he does not rank with the earlier men of our history; if he does not rank with the inventive geniuses of the age to which he belonged; yet, no man in America has ever surpassed Charles Sumner in the entire dedication of the gifts which God granted him to the service of the poor and needy. Thousands and thousands are blessed by him who have only heard his name to rail at it; for while he secured rights to the poor, and while he removed disabilities from those who were enthralled, not only the particular class for whom he specially labored were benefited, but every honest man in the country, whatever might be his nationality, participated in the bounty which he wrought out.

He has gone to his reward. He has lived a noble and spotless life on earth. He has not been a hero without a blemish; and yet, his blemishes were not spots of taint. His faults were weaknesses, not crimes of the soul. They were intensities, partaking somewhat of fierceness, engendered by the high conflicts through which he passed. And let us forget them. Let us bury them, as we bury his noble form, dust to dust, under the sod. Let us remember his virtue, his integrity, his self-devotion, his enormous industry, his patient humanity, and his endurance unto the end as a martyr for liberty.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

MOST merciful God, thou art our fathers' God. They trusted in thee, and were never put to shame. Thou didst in darkness bring light to them; in danger, succor; in perplexity, guidance. By them thou didst achieve great and glorious things for the honor of thy name, and for the welfare of thy cause upon earth.

We rejoice that our lot was cast in this land, and that for us there has been, since our very childhood, the ministration of truth in freedoom and liberty. We rejoice that we have been reared under these benignant skies, and in this abundant land, amidst plenty. We rejoice that thy gracious providence hath timed and guided events for the furtherance of thy honor, and for the welfare of humanity.

Be pleased, Almighty God, to breathe upon all this great people the same wisdom, the same forbearance, the same courage, the same seeking for the highest treasure, which shall bring in its train all earthly good.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt be pleased to bless the great citizenship of this land, mingled together a rolling mass, deep as the sea, and as wide, and multitudinous as its drops. Thou hast brought hither this great people that they may be grounded in knowledge, and that they may be mighty in virtue. Take away from them, we beseech of thee, easily besetting sins. Take away from them all temptations to lust, and intemperance, and greed, and avarice, and corruption of every kind. Grant that they may be obedient under the laws, and seek for rulers men that are wise and just.

We pray that thou wilt grant the light of knowledge to all the dark mass who are yet in our midst. We pray that thou wilt kindle in them a zeal for knowledge that shall increase until it shall be as the burning sun. Give daylight to this great nation, we pray thee.

We pray for all who are in authority—for all judges, magistrates, and rulers—that they may be men who fear God, and esteem the interests of their kind, and do not pursue their own selfish ambitions. We pray that thou wilt grant that justice, and purity, and truth and righteousness may prevail everywhere.

We pray that this nation may never embroil its hands in blood needlessly. May it be kept back from ambition, from invasion, from all mingling with the affairs of men which shall entangle it guiltily. May it fear God. May it love mankind. May it desire, by example, and by all its legislation and policy, to pursue the things which are for peace, and things whereby one may edify another.

We pray for the nations of the earth, that they may learn war no more, having no more need to learn war. Grant that knowledge may release men from weakness, and that they may become too strong to be handled by tyrants. We pray for the uprising of men, not by revolutionary passions, and not by the rolling tide of war. We pray that thou wilt advance the light of knowledge, and more and more subdue the heart to the amenities of love; and more and more may mankind rejoice that so they may be free.

And bring to pass, we beseech of thee, those great and glorious promises which portend the latter-day glory, when all the earth shall

dwell in peace, when right shall shine, and when Christ shall come and reign a thousand years.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt bless the memory of those who are gone—of all that have wrought well, and of all that deserve honor. Grant that their shadow may fall upon the young who are coming forward, and that men may not take counsel of the basely thrifty and prosperous; of men who shall die in their success; of men who are corrupted by their gains. We pray that thou wilt inspire in the minds of the young a loftier conception of character, and a purpose to educate themselves disinterestedly for the promotion of the welfare of their fatherland. Join their hearts to their race. The time has come when men belong to all mankind, and when all mankind are brothers. Grant, we pray thee, that this spirit may be more [and more developed; and may the blood of martyrs nourish it.

We pray for more purity, for more truth, for more simplicity, for more straightforwardness, for more exalted aims, for riper principles. Deliver us from the power of bad men and evil examples, and make this nation as great as it has promised to be.

Accept, we pray thee, our thanks. Accept our gratitude, that this church has been permitted to stand in these days a light in darkness. We thank thee that it has sent out words of truth and fidelity and courage for the right. We thank thee for the many names of those who have gone from among us. We thank thee for those who yet remain, and rejoice to see that their labor has brought success. O Lord, let this church live. Let it be for ever more a church working for the poor, for the needy, for all mankind. May the time never come when it shall be held by shackles, when its eyes shall be darkened by policies, and when its heart shall be dry, or turned into narrow channels. We pray that from this place may go forth the word of universal truth to universal man. And when this church can no longer serve God in the interests of humanity, may it die, and may something better spring up in its place.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit, forevermore. *Amen.*

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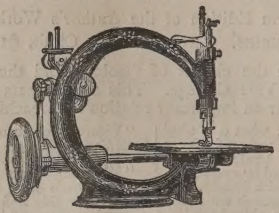
THE ONLY  SEWING

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